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work comes after marriage :

I mean the one with golden curls; On her hand I saw a dismond gleam,

As those of a city belle ;

And I thought her so splended last night, As she floated around with such airy grace, In robes so fleecy and white.

"She works for a living?" did you say, my friend?

She works for a living !" Why, you must mistal

the works for a living!" Why her hands were as

She works for a living!" What a happy escape

there was a merry, happy light in her eye,

And she played the piano so well.

Did you know I meant to propose!

With cheeks like the heart of a rose

I ne'er can wed one that will work.

She works for a living !" Ah, me ; when

I must frown fike a veritable Turk, for no matter how much I may fancy the girl,

Dr. Metcalf made room for

young man at his desk, saying:

By Jove! she is a splendid girl,

Manistee, Sept 6, 1871.

ly from the window.

"What, the bill ?"

heavy characters.

"Not a cent. Lane. Medicines cost

have my services, and you e ul in't ex-

peet tie President of a medical insti-

"Certainly not, replied Harry Lane,

per, and writing his name in bold

"There, Dr. Metcalf, I only hope

Dr. Metcalf folded the paper and

t good in the course of six months.

in the desk. Harry Lane arose, but-

toned his overcoat, and put on his mit-

"Very well, sir," replied the youn

armer, resuming his seat and tapping

his fur overshoes with his riding whip.

Dr. Metcalf drew his office chair

lose to where the young man sat, and

"That account is one hundred dol-

"Let us enter into a little calcula-

tion. Corn is one dollar and fifty cents

per bushel-it will take sixty-six and

Harry Lane's countenance looked

"I shan't raise half the amount of

being unfavorable, the late rains did a

two-thirds bushels to pay the bill.

quite desponding.

"Yes, I understand that."

stove, he asked in a low tone.

"Not in particular."

word more with you,"

"Are you in haste, Lane?"

tution to practice for nothing,"

"Yes."

Politically Democratic.

VOLUME I.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1871.

NUMBER 13.

BURRELL HOUSE, Alpena, Mich.

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Ber leave to announce to the public that their new Bath House is now open to all. The water of this Spring is very powerful, and many remarkable cures have been effected by its use. It cures many discuss of the Shin, Sciattes, Rheumatism, (chronic and inflammatory,) Paralysis, Erysupelas, Dys-popsis, Kidney Complaint, Neuralgis and all nerv-ous diseases. None who are afflected need dispart! Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are be-

ous diseases. None who are affected need dispair.

Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are being performed every day which are truly wonderful.

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Consulting Physician and Manager.

1871.

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REASURER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned. Transarror of the city of Alvena, received the tax roll for Ocneral, City and Highway Taxes for the year 1811, on the second Monday in July, and the same will be retained by him for forty days theresfier; that during the first twenty days of said forty days, said Treasurer will receive all taxes assessed thereon without the addition of any commission or percentage for collection; that during the remaining twenty days of said forty days, required the constraint of the consensation of said forty days, and that after the expiration of said faity days, and roll will be returned to the Comproller of said could will be returned to the Comproller of said roll will be returned to the Comproller of said roll will be returned to the Comproller of said roll will be returned to the Comproller of said could be said the remain due and unpaid, adding thereon such perceptage as shall have been fixed by the Johnson Countil for the collection of such taxes or assessments, not exceeding tour per cent, And that within tool da better of the said Treasurer will receive and not mentioned roll and proceed to collect and recover the taxes thereon assessed up to the last saturality of October next.

Notice is further given, that the said Treasurer not required by thus to call upon the perfora assessment, one of the last saturality of October next. REASURER'S NOTICE.-Notice is hereb

office at A. Hopper's. A. L. POWER, Dated, Alpena, July 10, 1871.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE ARGUS!

late planted." "Look here, Lane," said the surgeon in a low, confidential manner-"that bill must be paid!

"I shall try and pay it, sir.' "You're an honest man, I know, Lane-but it will be tough work, pay to her eyes and cried quietly. Dr. ing a hundred dollars in cash, or out of Metcalf looked this way and then

make it easy for you." "Thank you," said Harry Lane,

me. I am in need of a subject."

"She Works for a Living." Had a bomb shell exploded at the MR. EDITOR :- In the tenth issue of your paper you were pleased to publish young farmer's feet, he could not have take care of you and the children." a short article containing some very started up in greater surprise. "I am no grave robber, Dr. Metcalf, flattering illusions to the ladies that

work for a living, and I think, by so he said, indignantly. doing, you show the world that you "Look here, Lane, you are very are a long way behind the times of reasonable. Science demands this. I Young America. Now, sir, I maintain have a class of students who, in order that ninety-nine of every one hundred to acquaint themselves with the human marriagable American men will endorse frame perfectly, must have a subject but a fiend could have the heart to do the sentiments contained in the follow- for dissection. There is nothing wrong

ing lines. The fault-finding about in this; on the contrary..." "Well, well, I don't want to think about it," said Harry, uneasily.

"No, you don't want to think about it, but I do. This forenoon a stranger was buried in the graveyard; he was accidentally killed. He would make good subject."

"Go to some one else if you want a grave-robber," said Harry, indignantly, rising to go.

"Perhaps you'll think better of my offer, Lane, after you think the matter over. Bring me a body to-night and I'll give you up your note. Should to her bedside, and said: you bring one, come to the back door of my office, as I sleep here to-night." "Good day, sir," said Harry, bowing himself out, and closing the door.

Dr. Metcalf threw himself into a chair, and took up a note that lay on the table. It was written in a delicate female hand, and there were traces of tears upon it. The note ran as follows:

"Just sign your name here, sir, if "DEAR FRANK :- Amy has propped ou please, sir, payable in six months. me up in bed so I can just write a word "It's a heavy bill, doctor," said Har- to you. I am ill, and wish you would ry Lane, hesitating a moment, with come to me; it is a long ride, to be the pen between his fingers, ere he added his signature to the note.

Lane, who has just stopped to see now "Heavy bill? Well, now I don't I do. Do come, Frank, to your misknow," said Franklin Metcalf, M. D., erable sister. CATHERINE."

as he tapped his foot rather impatient-Dr. Metcalf bowed his head upon ly on the office floor, and gazed absent- the table, with his fingers over his fore he arrived at home, and when he eyes, and when he withdrew his hands reached the gate, a pretty little woman "A hundred dollare are carned more there was tears upon them-tears, real met him with a lantern. easily by you then me, doctor," said genuine tears-and why? These were the young man, still hesitating. "I've the pictures that passed like a panahad an unlucky year of it, and I havn't rama before him: ade the amount in the last twelve

A happy home, father, mother, brothnonths. Couldn't you make it a little er, sister, all there; he was the brother, Catherine the sister. They were both children then.

Another picture - Thanksg'v'ng evening: Father and mother, and the and my time is valuable. You would brother returned from college. "Where is Catherine?"

No answer. Only does the brother know that his sister is as one dead in the family. She had fled from her about half d.unk." making an energetic dash upon the pa- home with a man her parents despised, not because of his poverty, but for his vices, and yet that sister loved him. notwithstanding all.

I'll be able to keep my word and make Another picture-Father and mothtion before the world, his sister a near dark, and then he emptied the placed it with others of like character drunkark's wife, surrounded with halfstarved children. This was the pic- dead drunk." ture that brought tears to Dr. Metcalf's tens. The surgeon paced the floor eyes.

Dr. Metcalf called for his horse and rapidly a few moments, and then advancing to where Harry stood by the cutter, and wrapped himself in furs and shawls-for the day was very severe-he sat out for his sister's miserable home, and arrived there after an hour's hard driving. "Then sit down a moment-I want

"I'm so glad you've come, Frank." Dr. Metcalf looked around; misery, poverty, perfect wretchedness was written upon everything, "Catherine," he said, "have n / you

concluded to accept my offer?" "And what is that ?"

"Don't you remember? I told you as soon as you would leave that miserable_

"I say he is a miserable wretch vociferated the doctor, bringing his elenched fist down upon the bare pine table with a force like iron-"I say he Fleet, my man- ha! ha!" is a miserable wretch, off on a spree now I dare say, leaving these brats-" orn in all this year. This season's "Oh, Frank !"

"Well, I won't if it burts you; the good deal of damage, and the early children look lovely enough—they take frost blasted a considerable part of the after you, Cathie.'

"They're good children, Frank, and he's good when he's sober. There his wife. never was a better husband than George Morris until he went to drink-The poor woman put her thin hands

you scant allowance of grain. I'll that, in a troubled, half impatient manner. "And why don't you leave him ?"

2. 1 Taken 5:25 - 15 ac

would live with him again, I would George Morris was placed on the of yours a tear-"

The poor woman gave no reply. "Say, Cathie ?" he questioned, "concourse-let me take care of you."

"And give him up ?" "Yes, let Satan take his own, George Morris is one of his surely, for nothing such wretchedness."

"But when he's sober-"

"Oh, yes, when he's sober, but-" "He is sometimes. Frank, and there never was a kinder, better man, but I ing but death should divide us."

Dr. Metcalf rose impatiently. "Then take your own course, Catherine. Never will I help you offe cent while you live with George Morris." After her brother was gone, the poor woman called her little daughter Kate

"There's only one who can help now, Katie; ask God to help us." "But He don't hear us, mother we've asked Him so many times, but He don't answer us."

"But He will if it is His pleasure. Katie. The child obeyed, and the blue,

pinched lips murmured, "Give us this day our daily bread." Harry Lane finished his business in town and started for home about sun-

down. Dr. Metcalf met and called out to him: "Remember that offer I made you.

Lane. Harry nodded, and passed the doc tor with a bound. Night set in be

"I'm so glad you've come, Harry," she said, in a relieved, overjoyed tone.

"And why, my little puss?" "I've been afraid all the afternoon "Afraid ?" "Yes, but do come in and have sup-

per before you unharness, Harry." "And of what were you afraid, Em? "Well, I'll tell you. George Morris came here just a little while after you left. He came and sat down before the fire, and acted dredful strange. Pretty soon I found out that he was

"What did he do ?" "Nothing only drink and talk and drink, but I was so afcaid of him. I've heard so much of being killed by drunken men, and he got so deadful er dead, the son holding a high posi- drunk, Harry. Well, he stayed until jug he had with him, and fell over,

"In the house ?"

"Yes." "And is he there now ?"

"Yes." "Perfectly insensible ?"

"As insensible as a log." Harry Lane gave a sudden leap inte he air, and a wild hurrah that quite startled his quiet little wife. He had nearly unharnessed his team, but he replaced the harness as quickly as pos-

"What are you going to do, Harry ? "Hitch Bonny and Fleet to the sled

"What for ?" "Never mind. You're quite sure that George Morris is insensible ?" "Yes, and has been so for half an

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the young man, "Whoa, Bonny, stand still, "Why, what does ail you, Harry

are you crazy? what are you doing, for pitty's sake?" "Just wait and see, Mrs. Em." Harry Lane fastened the horses to the bars, and ran up the well-trodden

path to the house, followed hastily by "Get me a sheet, quick, Em."

"A sheet ?" "Yes, a sheet, quick." "What for ?"

"Never mind-there, that's it. Help me to wrap this fellow up in it. He'll make a capital subject-ha! ha!"

"What are you going to do?" "Never mind-just take hold of be questioned at length. "I told you feet, Em; stendy now, that's it. Don't "I'll make it easy for you-you can when I saw you before, that any time think me crary. little one; I'll tell you tion !"

pay the debt in one night. Listen to when you'd leave George Morris, and all about it when I get back. Have give me your sacred word you never supper ready for me when I come."

> An- hour afterwards Harry Lane knocked at the back door of the doc-

presented himself. "Where shall I take the body?" he

asked, in a low tone. "Right through into the dissecting himself as best he might. room, and lay it on the table. There, as he has done, and bring his family to I thought you'd think better of it, and drop of spirituous liquor. He became

n't you ?" "And the note ? !

can't leave him. I promised never to Mr. Lane. You're a good hand at knew better, leave him, whatever might come, noth- such little matters, and I shall have to call upon you again."

doctor."

half hour, perhaps, he sat in his easy very brink of the grave, office chair, whiffing a fragrant Havana. candle and went into the dissecting room to see what kind of a subject had on the next day.

He held the candle in his left hand and turned back the sheet with his right. The fumes of liquor met his nostrils. He started with a ludierous combination of anger, surprise and

amazement upon his countenance. "George Morris, by all that's evil!" he ejaculated-"drunk!"

prince of darkness.

for the sin of drunkness."

bling man.

ruin upon yourself!" Again all was darkness: Groans herdreadful pinchings were inflicted upon

said an unearthly voice. "Oh! yes -yes!" groaned the

bappy man.

"You had a good wife and interest ing children." "Oh ! yes dear Satan," he said, "the

very best of wives, and the loveliest children." "And you left them to suffer and starve, O you incorrigable man!" said

the unearthly voice. "Alas, yes." "And therefore receive thy reward." Again the pinchings and burnings were continued, and an almost intoler-

able oder of sulphur besieged his nos-

trils. Again he shricked and pleaded for mercy. "Oh, mercy," "You had no mercy upon the wife who loved you, the children who cried

for bread," said the unearthly voice, "yet upon one condition you may re-"And that, what is that? any condiABVERTINING HATES

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"And remember I shall watch you, and if you ever cause that noble wife

"O, I never will:"

"Then remember," said the ghostly voice again, "remember."

sent; let George Morris take his own tor's office. The worthy Dr. Metcalf | Chloroform rendered the miserable man insensible. In that condition he was conveyed to a barn near by, and placed in the manger, there to recover

> George Morris never drank another you've been quick, too. Stopped at an industrious man, a tender and prothe graveyard as you went along, did- vident father. One day he told his wife in confidence that the reason he had reformed was because he appreti-"Here it is; you're welcome to it, ated her generous devotion, but we

> For a while Harry Lane was a little shy of the doctor, but when he did "If you like the subject, I may be meet him the worthy physician shook able to furnish you with more of the him warmly by the hand, saying that same kind," replied the young man, although he did not particularly wish tearing the note into strips, and clos- for any more subjects, he thanked him ing the door with a "good evening, very much for the one he had brought him, as by that means a most inveter-Dr. Metcalf chuckled to himself, ate drunkard had been reformed, and well pleased with his success. For a a broken hearted wife rescued from the

Harry Lane asked no questions, bui At the end of that time he took up a when the name of George Morris was proposed a few years afterwards for the nomination of county judge, he gave a been brought for the class to work up- peculiar whistle, and said in a low tone, "Well, it all becomes of being the doctor's subject !"

Wives as Companions.

It has become the fashion to talk of

girls, at present brought up, as more ornamental than useful. Old bachelors, editing political newspapers, occasionally diversify their dull columns by Dr. Metcalf saw that he had been diatribes against woman's ignorance of sold, and to the tune of a hundred dol- housekeeping. If these lay sermons lars, to. His first determination was are correct, the only mission of a wife to give Harry Lane a piece of his is to bake and sweep and sew. Now, mind; his second was to have the we do not undervalue the importance worth of his money, at any rate. Stu- of such acquirements. A girl has no dents are generally in for sport, and right to marry a poor man if she is enthose belonging to the institution su- tirely ignorant of household matters; perintended by Dr. Metcalf were no and most young men in this country xception to the general rule. Every are comparatively poor, and have their thing was in readiness about the time fortunes to make for themselves. But George Morris awoke from his drunk- to be ignorant of household affairs is one thing; to be a drudge or upper He looked around-ghastly skele- servant is another. We have often tons, horrid grinning skulls, fleshless seen a lively, pretty girl, after a few bones met his gaze on every side—he years marriage, sink into a listless, tried to move; he could no more raise care-worn matron. A wife should be an arm or foot than he could fly. A something above a mere menial. She dim light revealed all this to his aston- ought to be, as the old Saxon phrase ished gaze—a moment more and he has it, "a helpmate;" and no wife can was in impenetrable darkness. be that, in the higher sense of the Suddenly right before him in flau- term, unless she is a companion. Many ing characters, he saw the word per- an otherwise excellent woman, perfect dition! He trembled, he groned, he in the ordering of her household, and shricked in terror. Was he in the capable, when necessary, of working abode of the lost? Again a dim light heartily herself, drives her husband to revealed by his side a horrid figure, the club or the tavern because she ithat might well have represented the no companion for him. We do not say a physician's wife should study "Mortal once," spoke a ghostly voice medicine, or a lawyer's wife study law "you have come to this dreadful abode or an engineer's wife study engineer. ing, or a mechanic's wife to learn his "Mercy,mercy!" shricked the trem- trade, in order to become a companion to her husband. This is not what "Mercy! that never enters hear, we mean. But every man, even the Behold you have brought your own most illiterate, has his peculiar tastes and sympathies, and it should be the business of the wife to discover them. rid vells, and shrieks fell upon his ear, to interest herself in them, and be ice-cold fingers passed over his face, and able to talk appreciatively about them. The poorer the couple are, unless in various portions of his body. Shriek- the case of actual day laborers, the ing aloud-he gave vent to his agony more they are thrown together, the and terror in groans and cries for mer- more need there is for this companion. ship. But even with the rich, a co pacity for companionship would add greatly to the mutual happiness of both husband and wife, and often prevent sad family tragedies. Wives neglect not your duties, but be some thing more than mere servants and housekeepers; be intelligent compan ions to your husbands.

Many a discouraged mother feld, her tired hands at night, and feels r if she had after all done nothing, al if she had after all done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is if nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that the husband feels safe when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing that when his business is over, that he has the bless ed safage at home, which you have that day done your best to brighter and reine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your pour once when you say, "I have done nothing."

There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over notice. whether a greed I in before a ret to the

fould respectfully announce to the cities CHARLES WURST JOY !! JOY! JOY!! Good News to the Afflicted. The Alpena Magnetic Spring Company